The Mysteries

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Years ago I met her in one of the valleys of my country. She was brought to me dead in her mother's arms, and she was wearing her bridal veil. I know it sounds strange, but I married her. A little time before I had given her my blood so that she would live, but it only seemed to make her die. It would appear that blood transfused in this manner, carrying with it pity and love, kills more than it saves. One wonders what is best—to live and have love destroyed or to die and make love eternal. I think that in killing her physically I gave her my soul so that she could live in me. It was really my blood that killed her; there is no doubt of that, because my blood was so much troubled and shaken by physical embraces and love.

Blood is very strange and mysterious, and all that the ordinary person knows of it is that it circulates round and round. I think it is like hands that caress again and again until one day they simply stop.

She died sitting on her bed. It was midnight, and she was staring blankly. Then with a supreme effort she screamed: "Jesus, Jesus, help me…" As she fell backwards she was, for a moment, no longer beautiful. But her mother was there, holding her head, and saying, "Go peacefully, my daughter, go peacefully…"

Later her mother told me she had died from fear. She was afraid of death, just as the Crucified One was afraid of it.

I arrived early in the morning as I always did, and then I found her dead and dressed as a bride. It struck me then that she had not so much died from fear of death as from fear of the eternal marriage she was entering with my soul. It is hard enough to be a bride in life, but it is far more difficult to remain true in death. She was afraid of eternal love because she was afraid of the hell in my soul.

I remember it as if it were yesterday. I kissed her lips and then cried and wept so long that my eyes are still tired. Her mother did not understand my action because she thought I should be happy. My bride had been given to me in marriage and the wedding was to take place as arranged. But the mother did not understand the tears, because tears are completely human, and they reflect the pity one feels before a small creature or a generous soul who herself had wept before the terror of the night.

Then came the burial which was also the wedding. We were married by the light of the dawn. The undertaker's horses galloped quickly and joyously for they were nuptial horses as well. Their hooves clattered gaily on the pavement.

The coffin was lowered into the ground by two thin ropes. Then it was opened so that I could see her face for the last time. From the flowers that adorned the casket and from the shroud that was also a bridal veil came a light that seemed to enter my soul and my blood. I was astonished by the sensation and wanted to leave, but then I seemed to hear her voice crying out to me: "Don't leave me

alone, the wedding is drawing near…" It was then on the edge of her tomb, that I was sure we were being married.

The very blood that I had given her a short time before her death, in hopes that it would revive her since it was red blood for a pale youth, but which actually killed her, was still alive in her veins and was circulating through her. And for a wedding gift, and as a symbol of her love, she was returning it to me in the form of energy. For this reason I stay that she is not buried in the earth but in my soul, and some of her eternity belongs to me.

As I stood there alone in one of the long green valleys of my country I felt that already we no longer belonged on earth. I watched the dark birds rising up against the blue sky and snow-capped mountains, and after a little I saw the Morning Star. I felt that she now lived up there and I felt caressed by its light.

But of course one cannot simply escape like this from the world. The land needs men as much as men need the land. Besides, my bride had never known the world. She had conversed so long with death and had becomes so absorbed by it that she never had had time for life. I therefore determined to show her the earth, to engage in life so that she might see with my eyes and feel with my senses. I therefore travelled all over the world, climbed mountains, visited strange cities and prayed at temples.

On top of the high mountains where the fiery lilies grow, I made her walk barefooted in the snows. Together we watched the blue and red birds fly between two worlds, and when we went to the temples, I am sure she recognized herself in the long-necked statues.

I saw all of the world for her. But meantime, inside of me, she sat quietly collecting beads and decanting our experience. Her voice and her silence pulled me towards certain conclusions. She too had experienced what my eyes had seen, and she began to tell me what I still did not understand.

Yet she had never really experienced love. She had been so worried she had never had time for it. I therefore decided to show it to her. Thus she was found in every love, always asking questions, always searching for the truth. I taught her all I could without feeling unfaithful. She entered all the bodies of the other women I knew; she experienced their pleasures and loved their loves. There in the night she would feel their anxieties and know the anguish of their dreams.

All this was many years ago. Her mother had brought her to me, dead in her arms, and she had taken possession of all I had. That is why the Crucified One came.

When I die, I shall try like her to rise and scream towards the falling of the shadow: "Help me, help me, Oh my shrouded girl!" My head will then fall backwards but there will be no one there to hold it up. For years I have lived in dreams like a madman.